

## Her Daughter and His Son

A Great Married Life Story by  
IDA H. McGLONE GIBSON

### A QUARREL WITH GRACE

With all my strength I pushed Kenneth from me. "Why did you do that?" I demanded, angrily, as Kenneth kissed me again. "Forgive me, Ann, forgive me. I did not mean to. But don't you know we have been pals ever since we were tiny children and many is the time you and I have kissed and made up to make up now."

"What's an engagement more or less between friends?" asked Kenneth with his old irresponsible laugh. "You disappoint me, Kenneth," I said, almost in tears. At this he came forward as though to take me in his arms again.

"No, don't do that," I remonstrated, "because you did it is the reason you disappointed me. You had no excuse whatever for kissing me, Kenneth. We are not children any longer. We are fully grown. Another girl is wearing your ring and you have promised her that you will marry her some day. I almost feel as though you had insulted me, especially as you have made so light of your kisses. If an engagement or two means nothing among friends, certainly a kiss or two means a great deal among sweethearts. If the kisses are bestowed upon some one else, when I return to the school to-night shall I tell Grace that I met you and you kissed me?"

"Why, Ann, dear, why have you grown so serious? There isn't a girl in all the world that I have as great a respect and regard for as I have for you. Oh, I know what you would say," he hastened to remark quickly, as I tried to interrupt, "but not even Grace fits the bill for a girl as you do. We are pals, aren't we, dear?"

"No," I answered, "and we can never again be friends."

"And you don't like me any more, Ann?"

I raised my eyes to his. Fully intending to lie to him and tell him that I hated him, but I could not. "Yes, Kenneth, I do. I like you perhaps

more than you will ever know," I answered hotly. "I like you so much that I cannot tell you the hurt that you have given me. I like you so much that I am going to try to never see you again."

I walked unsteadily out in the rain, not heeding his protesting voice calling: "Ann, come back! Come back! I want to say something more to you!" He did not follow me, however, and in this he again hurt me, because I understood that however much Kenneth hated himself to care for me, he did not care enough for my friendship to stand up for me and insist upon holding it against the jealousy of Grace Cameron. He did not want any of Grace's friends to see him walking with me.

When I arrived in the school, I brushed past Grace without speaking. It seemed to me that she looked at me rather suspiciously and I then determined to tell her that I had met Kenneth.

I said to myself, rather vainly, "I will not stoop to lie, even if Grace does."

"I just met Kenneth downtown," I remarked. "Why did you tell him that I had left the school?"

For a moment she hesitated and then said: "I didn't."

"Why should he tell me you did then?"

"Possibly as an excuse for not trying to see you all these months."

"You know better than that, Grace. You know I have tried to avoid both of you and if I had not been for the rain today I should have probably met Kenneth. But I want you to know that I told him that you had spoken an untruth when you said that I was ill and had left school."

"I shall tell him," she answered, "that you have just returned and he will believe me."

"You may tell him what you please and he will probably believe what he pleases, but in your heart you know and he will know that Ann Whitson does not lie."

"I'm glad to know that you have at least one virtue," she said.

I was standing close beside her and before I thought I raised my hand and struck her in the face.

Tomorrow—Ann Leaves School.

## BEDTIME STORIES

BY HOWARD R. GARIS

### UNCLE WIGGLY AND JOHNNIE'S FOOTBALL

(By Howard R. Garis.)

"Hello, Uncle Wiggly! How are you?" (Can you kick pretty well?) asked Johnnie Bushytail, the little boy squirrel, one morning, as he ran up on the porch of the rabbit gentleman's hollow stump and perched himself atop of the railing.

"What do you mean—kick pretty well?" asked the beany uncle. "To you mean kick out with my hind legs? I can do that very well, indeed, when I am running to get away from a fox or a wolf-like thing!"

Uncle Wiggly leaned on his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch and pulled his tail silk hat down over his ears so they wouldn't wiggle too much, or his hat come off. Then he winked his pink nose and kicked out with one leg.

"You can play on my football team all right, Uncle Wiggly. But what is the matter?" asked the squirrel boy, as he noticed a queer look on the face of the rabbit gentleman.

"Oh, it's just a little rheumatism pain," Uncle Wiggly answered. "I kicked a bit too hard, and there was nothing to stop my paw. I need some thing to kick against."

"Oh, that will be all right when you play on my team," said the squirrel boy. "You can kick against the football then."

"What's all this about your team and a football?" asked Uncle Wiggly. "When are you going to play?"

"This afternoon when school is out," answered Johnnie. "Bully No Tail, the frog boy, has one team, and I have an frog. Bully, and Bawley, his brother,

think because they are such good jumpers that they can play football better than my side. But now, if you will play with our fellows, we will show them!"

"Hum! I hope you will not be disappointed in my playing," said Uncle Wiggly, sort of slow and careful like. "Well, run along to school now, Johnnie, and I'll be at the football game this afternoon."

When Johnnie had scampered on to the hollow stump school, taught by the lady mouse, Uncle Wiggly began kicking out with his two hind legs, one after the other on his bungalow porch.

"Well, Wiggly! Whatever are you doing?" asked Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, as she came out.

"Oh, I'm just sort of exercising to get rid of my rheumatism," laughed the beany uncle. "I'm going to play football, or she wouldn't let me," thought Mr. Long-ears to himself.

This misanthropic lady housekeeper looked anxiously after him, as he went down the steps with his rheumatism crutch.

"I do hope he isn't going to do anything foolish," said Nurse Jane.

Uncle Wiggly hopped along and along, and pretty soon he heard a buzzing sound in the bushes. It was a loud buzzing sound, too.

"Dear me! I hope that isn't the fuzzy fox who has fallen asleep and is snoring," thought Uncle Wiggly. "I had better be careful."

So he looked around, and soon saw that the buzzing sound was caused by a hornet bee, who had one leg caught fast in the crack of a tree.

"Oh, will some one please help me

## AS A CHILD THIS BEAUTY WAS A PITIABLE CRIPPLE



(Right) Helen Heckman as she looks today. (Left) In one of her esthetic dance costumes. (Insert) Mrs. E. P. Heckman, her stepmother.

(N. E. A. Staff Special.)

MUSKOGEE, Okla.—The love of a stepmother has worked a miracle in the little town of Muskogee.

For the transformation of Helen Heckman, from a frightened, miserable little creature, mentally deficient, physically deformed and totally deaf, to a beautiful, talented young woman, has happened.

And an exceptional stepmother is the "miracle" lady.

At the age of twelve Helen's mind lay as dormant as that of a newborn babe. She could attract attention, or make her wants known, only through harsh, simple and simple gestures. She had spindly, meningitis when a few months old and her condition was pitiable.

Helen's own mother had died and her father married again. Then the task of transformation began. It was a patient, loving stepmother who undertook it.

Today Helen's mental faculties are fully developed and she has attained physical poise and beauty, speech, dramatic art and musical talent.

She has entertained large audiences with esthetic dances and "impersonations." And those folk who know her marvel when told of the handicaps she has overcome.

AWKWARDNESS CORRECTED.

"It has all happened through the sense of sight and touch," her stepmother, Mrs. E. P. Heckman, explains. "The first attempt I made to teach the child was to train her to make a bed without assistance. Next

I corrected her shuffling, stumbling walk and awkward movements of her body.

"The child's thickened tongue was the most discouraging feature and I almost despaired of ever teaching her to talk. Her tongue was massaged many times a day and we had to bandage her jaws to keep them from sagging.

In teaching accent, Mrs. Heckman would grasp Helen's arm and, by a slight or by a strong pressure would indicate the accented and the unaccented syllables.

Musical tones were taught in a similar way. Staff steps were used to teach the girl the musical scale.

Dr. P. M. Bammel, who attended Helen, as a child, says:

"When I first saw her she was a small child. I had little hope for her."

get loose!" buzzed the hornet.

"Yes, I shall be most happy to set you free," spoke Uncle Wiggly, and he helped the hornet get his legs free. Then the hornet thanked the bunny gentleman and flew away.

Uncle Wiggly hopped on, and soon he came to a large field where he heard the shouts of many animal boys. But something seemed to be the matter.

"We can't play now!" some one said. "No, we can't have any fun," sadly spoke a second.

"Wasn't it too bad Johnnie had to go to school just when we wanted to start to play?" a third voice chimed in.

"This sounds like trouble," said Uncle Wiggly. "I will see what the matter is."

Then he caught sight of Johnnie Bushytail and a lot of the animal boys from the hollow stump school.

"What's the matter, boys?" asked the bunny.

"Oh, we were going to have a game with Johnnie's football," answered Jackie Bow Wow, the puppy dog boy, "but when we came out of school Johnnie gave the football such a kick that it sailed over the trees and bushes and now we can't find it."

"And we can't play the game that I was going to win!" croaked Bully the Frog.

"No, there can't be any game," sadly chattered Johnnie. "That is, unless Uncle Wiggly can find us a football," added the squirrel boy, hopeful like.

"I'd like to oblige you," Uncle Wiggly said, "but, really, boys, I haven't the least idea where I could get you a football now."

"Oh, Uncle Wiggly, perhaps I can help you," suddenly buzzed a voice, and along flew the hornet bee whom the bunny gentleman had helped a little while before.

"Where could you get Johnnie a football?" asked the bunny gentleman, doubtful like.

"Why, he could take our old nest," answered the buzzing insect. "We hornets build our nests exactly like a football. It is made of chewed up wood pulp and mud, and is very strong."

"Oh, if we kicked a hornet's nest football we'd all be stung!" cried Bully No Tail, the frog.

"No, you would not," said the hornet. "We hornets are going south and do not need our nest any more. We are going away for the summer. The nest is empty and you may have it."

If you'll come I'll show you where it hangs in a tree."

The hornet led Uncle Wiggly and the boys to the empty nest. Johnnie climbed the tree, took the nest down, and it was as good a football as heart could wish. Uncle Wiggly played, and kicked so hard that Johnnie's side was the game and everybody was happy.

So this teaches us that bread and jam is good if you do not eat too much. And if the bee balloon doesn't try to charge a pig on the pin cushion and make a noise like a firecracker, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggly and the cold cream.

DOGS, BUT NO BABIES—GET OUT!

PORTLAND, Ore.—The first words of congratulation on the arrival of a stork with a baby boy that Tom Rilea, lately captain of the A. E. F., heard here, came from his landlady, Mrs. Anna Holton. "Ogit!" said she. "Ogit quick! I let 'em keep dogs in my apartments but not babies."

### Sister Mary

When making the ravelings out of the brush of a carpet sweeper, it saves the bristles a whole lot of wear and strain if the threads are cut in many places instead of being pulled all at once.

Cutting and pulling threads from the brush loosens the bristles and very often takes them out with the raveling.

Cut between the rows of bristles and pull the threads gently untangling as necessary and the brush will last twice as long.

MENT FOR TOMORROW.

BREAKFAST—Grapes, soft-boiled eggs, cinnamon toast, coffee.

LUNCHEON—Baked egg plant, bran muffins, crumb cake, tea.

DINNER—Clear soup with omelets, cheese fennel, creamed potatoes, scalloped tomatoes, fruit dessert, spiced cake, coffee.

MY OWN RECIPES.

The fruit dessert may be simply made of odds and ends of fruit found in the ice box with a "dab" of whipped cream on top or fruit may be added to a package or one of the many prepared jellies on the market. The first method makes an excellent emergency dessert.

BATED EGG PLANT.

2 cups boiled and mashed egg plant.

2 tablespoons butter.

1 small onion minced.

1-2 cups bread crumbs.

2-4 cup milk.

1 teaspoon salt.

1-2 teaspoon pepper.

2 eggs.

Use the soft part of stale bread for crumbs. Soak in milk for half an hour. Melt butter, add onion and cook till a light straw color. Add bread crumbs and milk. Add salt, pepper, egg plant and yolks of eggs beaten till thick and lemon-colored. Fold in whites beaten stiff and dry. Bake twenty or twenty-five minutes in a hot oven. Serve at once in the dish in which it was baked.

CRUMB CAKE.

1 cup light brown sugar.

1-2 cup butter.

1-2 cup milk.

1-2 cups flour.

1-2 cup walnuts.

3 eggs.

1 teaspoon baking powder.

1-2 teaspoon salt.

1 teaspoon vanilla.

Rub butter, sugar and flour together with tips of fingers till crumbly. Take out about half of this for top of cake. Add remaining ingredients, saving half of walnuts for top. Mix lightly. Turn into greased and floured tin. Sprinkle with nuts and crumbs and bake fifteen or twenty minutes in a hot oven.

Short cuts sometimes make big seams.

There is an average of 11,000 fires annually in New York City alone.

### DYE RIGHT

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## Dorothy Dix Talks

WOMANLINESS IN BUSINESS

By DOROTHY DIX, the World's Highest Paid Woman Writer

If I could say one word more earnestly than another to the young woman who is starting out to make her own bread and butter, it would be to cut out the sex stuff, and exercise her womanliness in business.

Most women reverse this procedure. That is, why so many of them fall. Many girls try to vamp their employers, and to make goo-goo eyes and sentiment take the place of industry and efficiency. Many others attempt to hide behind their skirts, and to make the fact that they are women protect them from office discipline, and for being censured for turning out poor work.

Tears every time their work is criticized; nerves and hysteria always on tap and ready to be turned on at the most inopportune moment; chronic tardiness; lack of grit that makes them coddle every slight ailment and give into it; family claims that come above business necessities; touchy difficulty that is always demanding attention to sharpen their lead pencils—all these are the defects of the women who play up their sex in business.

And they form a blanket indictment against female labor, that causes many men to hesitate before employing women, and that keeps many a good woman from being advanced to the spot to which she is entitled.

The woman who puts the loud pedal on sex in business makes a mistake. So does the woman who ignores it altogether, and who tries to make an imitation man of herself. She never gets far, because all imitations are inferior to the genuine article and nobody wants one if they can get the real thing. A lady longshoreman, for instance, may get headlines in the paper because it is remarkable for a woman to be a "longshoreman" at all, but when it came to lifting things, and really loading a ship she wouldn't be able to load her own with even the most ordinary male longshoreman.

The woman who writes, and paints, and who try to be what is called virile, nearly always fail. They miss their feminine outlook, the institutions that make one woman get under another woman's skin as no man can. And the same thing may be said of the woman merchant. The thing we like about her shop is its difference from a man's, the coyness, the hominess, that she somehow manages to give it.

Practically always a woman succeeds best when she chooses some line of occupation in which she can capitalize the inherited aptitudes of her sex, and I do not doubt that in the course of time, when women have had more experience in business, and have developed their executive ability to a higher degree, that the keeping of hotels, which is only home making on a big scale, and the running of apartment houses and the shops that purvey luxuries, such as clothes, and jewelry, and fine furniture, will be run almost exclusively by women.

But while sex has no place in business, womanliness has, and a girl can bring no more valuable asset to her employer than just the qualities that she would use in being a good housewife.

There is cleanliness and orderliness, to begin with. She can see that cleanliness is not only a duty, and that an office is kept spot and span and well aired and made comfortable. She can give it that subtle feminine touch that takes the curse of the workshop off it, just as the woman who is a real homemaker can change a bleak hotel room into a place to live in by altering the arrangement of a chair, or punching up a pillow.

And she can bring to her work that curious faculty that women have of knowing where everything was put, and being able to put her hands on it in the dark. Mother's gift for locating everything from father's spectacles and pipe to the baby's teething ring and the automobile pump, is what makes daughter invaluable in an office.

And woman's mania for detail, and

### Little Benny

I started to go in yesterday to see if supper was enway near ready, and some man was leaning up against the wall with his eyes closed and his hat on the back of his head, me thinking, Gosh, he's sick against our house.

Which just then he opened his eyes and looked at me looking at him, saying, "It's a crool world, and if I was your age, young fello, I wouldn't take the trouble to grow up."

Do you feel very sick? I see, and he sed, "Sick? If I felt any sicker I'd have a 2 cent in the grave. Wich jest then I thart of the bottle of wikey in the medicine chest saying on it, For Medicinal Purposes Only, and I sed, Would wikey do you any good, mister?"

Would it? Its the only thing that has the slightest chance of saving my life, sed the man, and I sed, Ill hurry up and run in and get it.

Wich I did, and the man was still leaning against the house looking jest an sick, me saying, G, I haff to go back agen, I forgot a glass.

Stay ware you are, wats a glass between friends? I dispize glasses, the eryl Indians never used glasses, and who am I to set myself above the eryl Indians? sed the man. And I handed him the bottle without any glass, and he sed, Young fello, you have saved my life, if I ever make a will Ill remember you in it and if I dont Ill remember I would of remembered you in it if I had.

Wich jest as he was going to take another drink, sumpdy grabbed the bottle out of his hand, being pop coming home, saying, Wats the meaning of this?

Wats the meaning of this yourself? How dare you interrupt a life saver in the performants of his dooty? sed the man.

Benny, go in the house, sed pop, Wich I did, pop coming in after me with the bottle, me saying, Well gosh, G, pop, isn't he sick? and pop saying, No but he wont be. Yee gods, my last and only bottle.

And he put it away agen but not in the medicine chest.

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